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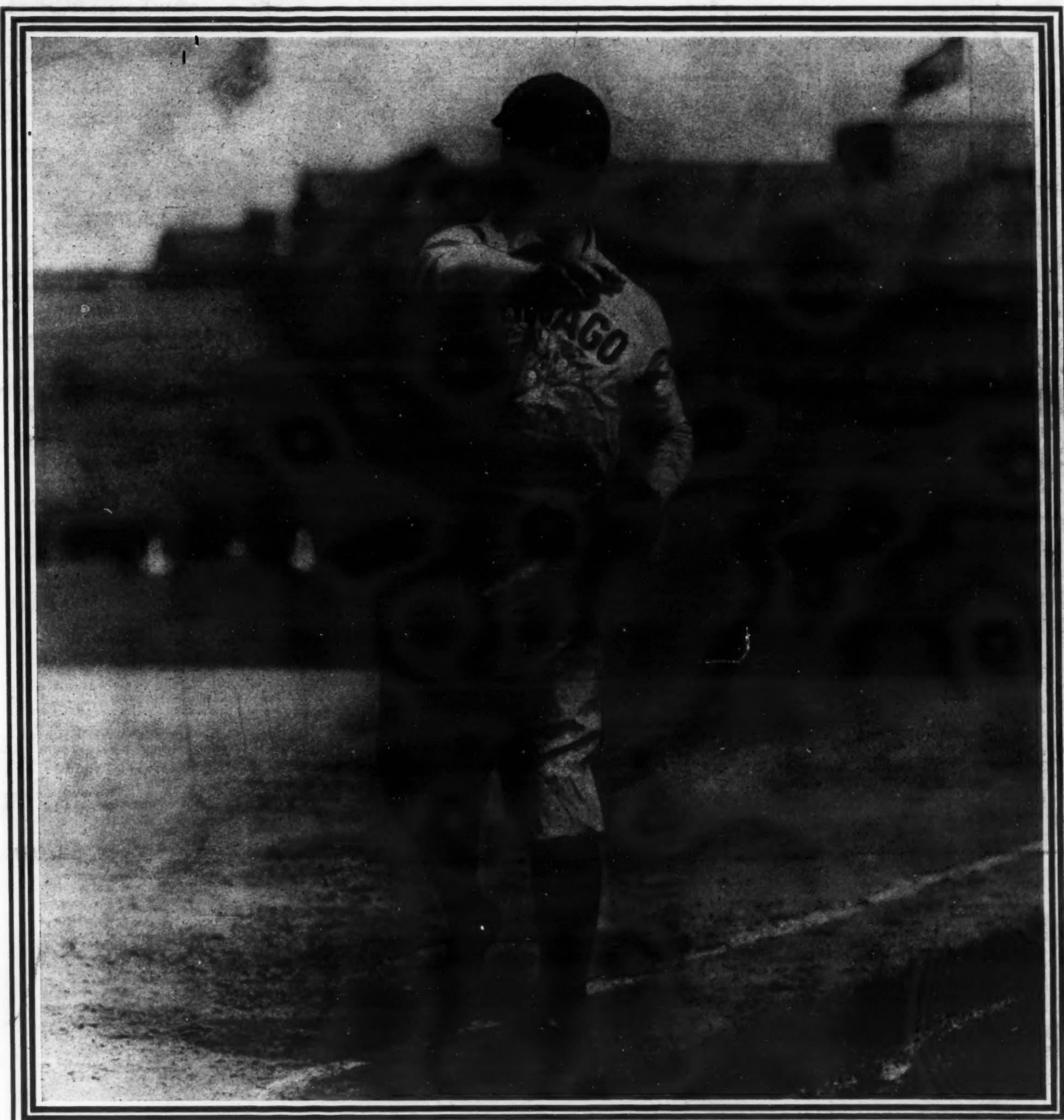
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RICHARD K. FOX,
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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY.

Saturday, August 11, 1906.

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THE SUPPLEMENT WITH THIS ISSUE:
DOLLY WRAY, With a Perfect Figure.

Miscellaneous Sports.

There seems to be no truth in the story that Marvin Hart has retired.

Terry McGovern is considering an offer to box Abe Attell in the west in September.

The A. A. U. national championships will be held at Travers Island, N. Y., on Sept. 9.

Al Herford says he knows nothing about the match being made between Joe Gans and Battling Nelson.

Jack O'Brien has added ten houses in West Philadelphia, which he paid \$40,000 for, to his real estate holdings.

Alfred De Oro, the famous Cuban pool player, will re-enter the sport next Fall and try to regain the championship of the world.

There are letters at this office for Dick Cullen and one for Clarence English. If they will send their address, they will be forwarded.

The ban on Jockey "Monk" Coburn has been lifted at Latonia, and he will be given just one more chance to redeem himself by good conduct.

George Hackenschmidt, the world's champion wrestler, is taking lessons in the manly art, and according to the English press is a promising pupil.

Harry Lewis and Terry McGovern will meet in one of the bouts that the National A. C., of Philadelphia is figuring on putting on in a short time.

The Terre Haute clubs have closed their doors until a new mayor and city government will be in power. The present one is not in favor of the sport.

George Bothner, champion wrestler, who had his leg injured during a match in Baltimore, Md., is getting along nicely and will soon be seen on the mat.

Baughmen, the French swimmer, recently won an international swimming contest at Paris, France, on the Seine. David Billingham, of England, finished second.

Sam Berger, the husky California heavyweight, will not fight anyone for the next ten weeks, as he has been signed up for that period of time by a theatrical agency.

Honey Melody, of Boston, is another boxer to draw the color line. Honey was offered a chance to meet Gans, but declined the offer, saying that he decided not to box any more negroes.

Frank Gotch is seriously thinking of going to Europe. English wrestling enthusiasts are anxious to see the American in action, and he would no doubt be kept busy, as the wrestling game is flourishing there.

The Bachelor Barge Club, of Philadelphia, is considering the matter of sending a crew to the Henley regatta next year. Captain Zane says he has no anxiety as to the matter of finances, his only fear being in securing an eight strong enough to make a good showing.

Nigel Barker, the Australian sprinter, whose reputation is based upon the fact that he beat Arthur Dufly, came all the way from Greece to England to have revenge on Pilgrim and Halwell. He also wanted to journey over here and race Hillman, but gave up the plan on account of his miserable showing in England.

In the presence of the largest crowd that ever went to a harness race meeting at Windsor, a new pacing record was hung up on July 24. Ardelle, the Chamber of Commerce stakes candidate of Geers, won the opening mile in 2:05½ which is faster than the big stakes was ever won at Grosse Pointe and the fastest mile ever made by a mare in her first racing season in July.

Announcement was made the other day that Harvard would send its varsity crew, which defeated the Yale eight at New London, to England to hold a friendly race with the crew of Cambridge University. The idea of sending the Crimson boat to Great Britain was conceived by Captain Filley, of the Harvard eight, who had obtained his first ability as an oarsman when a student at an English university.

SOMETHING UP-TO-DATE.

That great little book, *Poker; How to Win*, is now bound in cloth with gold-edged leaves. It makes a very handsome little volume. Price 50 cents; postage 3 cents extra.

ARTISTIC COMEDIENNES

BRIEF PARAGRAPHS ABOUT THE ENTERTAINERS—

CLEVER COMEDIANS

Interesting Items About the People Who Are on the Bills of the Continuous and Variety Houses.

BRIEF CONTRIBUTIONS SOLICITED FOR THIS COLUMN

Ed C. Hays is Playing Parks in Ohio---Herman Bush and Jack Elliott Have Joined Hands---Mack and Allen are Making a Hit.

Max Dillae is clowning successfully with Campbell Brothers' Show.

The Delois, in their new sketch "Snorky," were a hit at Lyric Park, Joplin, Mo.

The Meredith Trio, aerialists, are one of the feature free acts with Heck's Amusement Company, and are receiving good notices for their excellent

The Great Jordan writes of his continued success in his singing and talking act.

Bruno and Russell have a new act, written by Bert Leslie, which they will use next season.

Marcus Cohen, promoter of the new Majestic vaudeville theatre which is to be erected on the West Side, has secured a plot of ground with 110 feet of



Photo by Chickering: Boston.

EVELYN NESBIT THAW.

The Beautiful Chorus Girl and Model Whose Husband, Harry K. Thaw, of Pittsburgh, is now a Prisoner in the Tombs on a Charge of Murder.

triple trapeze act. Mr. Meredith is general manager of the Pike for Mr. Heck.

The annual tour of the Al. G. Field Greater Minstrels began August 8, at Springfield, Mo.

Bradley and Davis report success with their Summer park work. They start West in the early Fall.

Herman Bush, formerly of Bush and Gordon, has secured as a partner Jack Elliott, late of Deono and Elliot.

Downing and Downing report meeting with gratifying success with the Washburn & D'Alma Trained Animal Show.

Ed C. Hays is playing the Ohio circuit of parks, with return dates at Dayton, Akron and Youngstown. He will play parks until Sept. 22.

W. C. Tucker has sailed for England to arrange for the London opening, August 20th, at the Palace Theatre, of Le Domino Rouge. Mr. Tucker has managed the road tour of the dancer for Messrs. Werba and Leuscher since her return from Paris last fall, and will have charge of her European tour.

frontage on West Twenty-fifth Street, opposite the stores of Fries and Schuele and John Mockes and Co.

Ruth Francis and Pearl Young, two clever child actresses, are working the Summer season in vaudeville.

Earl Flynn reports doing nicely playing the Western Vaudeville Managers' time. He has signed for next season.

Mack and Allen are meeting with success doing their blackface singing and talking act in the concert of the Frank A. Robbins Shows.

Vassie Alliston, of Southern and Alliston, after an absence of three years through the West, Southwest and Cuba, has returned to New York.

T. W. Dinkins will present "Uncle Sam's Daughters," under the management of Charles E. Taylor, next season, playing the Empire circuit theatres.

William Robyns joined the Elks recently, becoming a member of Seattle Lodge 92, at Seattle, Wash. While playing at Butte, Mont., a delegation of thirty Elks, headed by W. J. Macauley, attended the performance in honor of the new member, and after

Straight Tip Jim was finished they called for a speech from Mr. Robyns and presented Mrs. Robyns with a very handsome floral piece.

The Musical Russells played a two weeks' engagement with the Albert Taylor Stock Company, as a feature with the show, at Cycle Park, Dallas, Tex.

Carter, the magician, and Abigail Price, in psychic demonstrations, have arranged two hours and a half of entertainment, and are booking for next season.

Mills and Lewis are doing finely with their new playlet, called "Two German Bull Fighters," using a special drop for the act, showing the arena of a bull pit.

Harry I. Koler, who was successful last season with Hurig & Seaman's Trans-Atlantics, has again signed with the above firm for their Bowery Burlesquers.

The Oxford Orphans, who gave an entertainment in the Opera House at Farmville, N. C., and met with such gratifying success, have been on the road about three months.

Manager J. C. Criddle, of Poll's, Springfield, has been transferred to Worcester, and Gordon H. Wright, for the past three years manager of the Trent Theatre, Trenton, will succeed him.

The Gillette Sisters have just completed a tour of six months over the Sullivan-Considine circuit. They closed in Frisco to start rehearsals with James Hyde's Blue Ribbon Girls Company.

Le Maire and Le Maire are presenting a new act, written expressly for them by Frank Burt entitled "The Hebrew Conductor." They will play dates next season, and are booked up solid.

John and Alice McDowell were compelled to cancel part of their park engagements in vaudeville to commence rehearsals with Stephens and Linton's "My Wife's Family" Company, in Detroit.

Lew Rice, grotesque comedian, has just completed successful engagements at Toronto, Montreal and Quebec. He will soon present a new high class grotesque novelty with a lady partner.

Harry Botter and Company are meeting with decided success over the Ohio circuit of parks, in their sketch, entitled "A Matrimonial Blizzard." The new sketch is from the pen of Edward McWade.

Mrs. A. J. Tron, manager of Fair Bank, Indianapolis, is endeavoring to interest capital in her proposed plan of making the park an all-year resort, with good attractions both Summer and Winter.

Ella Shields, who for the past two years has been a top liner in Europe, is visiting her mother, Mrs. John Heden, of Heden's Casino, Baltimore, Md. Miss Shields returns to Europe in September.

Otto Viola, formerly of Viola and Engel, and Henry Reno have formed a partnership, under the firm name of Viola and Reno. They will appear shortly in their new act, entitled "Fun in a Cooper Shop."

Frosto has signed with the Hersman & Habinck Minstrels for next season, as interlocutor, and to do his original act, "The Matinee Girl," in the olio. He reports excellent success, now playing the Olsen circuit.

Rawls and Von Kaufman have signed for next season with one of B. C. Whitney's "A Thorn in the Heart" Co., opening at Toledo, in August, to play principal black-face comedy and soubrettes, and as a vaudeville feature.

Harry Sauber, Hebrew comedian, late of Princess Comedy Four, has joined hands with Joe Downey, character comedian. They will present a new and original novelty act, "The Legit and the Little Jew." They will play the Western circuits, starting in September.

Walter Jones and Mabel Hite will remain in vaudeville this season. Next season Mr. Jones expects to have a musical play of his own, in which he will be jointly featured with Miss Hite. As collaborator in its construction Mr. Jones will have Benjamin Hapgood Burt.

James O. Barrows has secured a condensed musical comedy, entitled "Betsy and the Birth of Old Glory," for future use in vaudeville, in which he will be supported by Clara Thropp and Jefferson Egan. The lyrics are reported to be by Matthew Barry and the music by Cassius Freeborn.

Edgar Foreman and Company will appear during the coming season in a new one act musical comedy, entitled "The Adventures of Rocky Riggs," which has been tried with very satisfactory results. In support will be Lillian Mattice, June Sheldon, William Brown, R. L. Koch and others.

The Roster of John W. Vogel's Big City Minstrels next season will be as follows: Al H. Tyrrell, Lee Edmonds, Pete Detzel, W. J. Gossen, Harry Leighton, Edmond Balz, William Rowe, Eddie Kennedy, Harold Kennedy, Sidney Levy, Ben Evans, Joseph Norton, William Fielding, F. P. Handley, James Emerson, Harry Beebe, Grant Merkley, James Garrison, Thomas Murray, E. M. Wine, Will Kyler, Al Thurburn, Harry Oliver, H. J. Meyers, B. W. Hurtbert, F. J. Kingsbury, M. L. Swartz, Howard L. Wilson, George H. Killinger, Harry Gardner, Charles Grimes, Ream Snyder, L. F. Harvey, I. S. Potts, Robert Henderson, John Wissler, G. H. Wells, Clay Smith, Arthur Wells, Fred Sheak, H. L. Taylor, George H. Decker and Jacob Schuck.

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GLIMPSES OF GOTHAM

No. 41.



IKE SWIFT.

HIS head nodded violently backward and he saw a vision of the last job—pretty chorus girls coming down the gangplank of a European steamer. As he recovered himself he heard a voice. There was nothing particularly startling about that, for he had been hearing voices all the evening. It was the tone that held him. It was full of pent-up passion and not the idle chatter of social conventionality.

"Don't you know," it was saying, "that I am here to help you? Can't you realize what it is to have an honest friend.

Don't you know that I love—"

It was a man and the words were cut as with a knife, so incisive were they.

"Harry!"

That was a woman, expostulating, not stepping forward, but, if anything, retreating.

For a moment there was silence, and when the woman spoke again Jim recognized Mrs. Van Zandt, and knew from the sound that she was in the fern room.

"I have made a confidant of you," she was speaking quickly now. "I have trusted you by telling you the story you have just heard. I have humiliated myself before you. I have nothing now. I am practically penniless and—"

"Yes, yes. I know all that, but what's the use? A few thousand don't count one way or another, and whether you like it or not I'm not going to stand by and see you blackmailed, for that's what it will amount to unless this fellow is quieted. If your husband was alive then he could take care of it."

"Then it would not have happened," she put in, with a pitiful show of dignity.

"Anyhow, I'll ask the Governor's advice."

"Your father," she almost shrieked. "You'll do nothing of the kind."

"I'll see the Inspector to-morrow. I know him and I'll tell him the whole story, and if I—or rather he—clears this up—whether it is a year or a day, will you marry me?"

"But the awful publicity of the thing."

"We'll have no publicity. Will you marry me, then, little one?"

The occupation of the detective is a curious one. It leads him into all sorts of places, and his experiences are vivid and varied. But the average thief catcher is not an eavesdropper except for business purposes, and so it happened that Jim grew uneasy, and looked more than once at the door which led to the hall. He had no right to go until he had been relieved, and so he was compelled to stay.

"I am waiting for your answer," came the voice of the man.

"I'll bet he's on the level," thought Jim. "He sounds like it."

"You'll never regret it," the voice was jubilant now, and there came to Jim the sound of a woman's laugh, half hysterical but with a happy note in it.

Then there followed a period of dead silence, broken only by the metallic tick of the clock. Through it all the detective could scent the case for the central office and he waited patiently until Mrs. Van Zandt should make her appearance to dismiss him from duty.

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SOCIETY CAD AND SOCIETY LADY

BY IKE SWIFT.

Even in the state of anxiety in which he was the time seemed wonderfully short. There was the sound of a knob turning, the door of the fern room swung noiselessly on its hinges and then she stood in the entrance, while over her shoulder he saw the man. He was a clear cut, well-groomed young fellow of about thirty, with a square jaw that showed firmness, and he had the broad shoulders and the carriage of an athlete.

opened the door, and there stepped out the man of the fern room, followed by the lady.

She was smiling a bit nervously, and her escort seemed to be reassuring her.

They went up the marble steps and to the Inspector's office, where the man came directly to the point, like one who has a bit of bad business to do and wants it over with as quickly as possible.

"Here is my card, Inspector," he began at once.

Zandt, I shall only be too glad to help you in any way possible, but you must tell me the whole story. I can not work in the dark. I must have facts and they must come directly from you to me. I know Mr. Payson, but he is not the aggrieved person in this case, and you are."

"Yes, tell him everything," said Payson.

"About the money, too?"

"Yes, everything."

"I entered into correspondence with Mr. Harding," she began, "before Mr. Van Zandt died. I don't know of any reason why I should; but it seemed as if I was gradually drawn into it."

"After Mr. Van Zandt died, Mr. Harding professed a great admiration for me. He said he loved me, and was a constant visitor at the house. One day, as I was leaving the safe deposit vault where I usually kept my valuables and money—you know Mr. Van Zandt left very little in the way of real estate, and my portion was almost entirely in cash—I met Mr. Harding. He seemed unusually glad to see me, and asked me where I had been. When I told him, he asked me to let him have two thousand dollars, which he would repay as soon as his father returned from Europe. The request was rather an unusual one, but I went back and got it for him. He left me at the corner, and I did not see him again for a week, when he came to the house one morning about ten o'clock. He seemed very much excited and said he needed money, and that he must have it at once. I asked him how much he wanted, and he replied:

"Oh, I can't tell now. Let me have your duplicate key and come around to the vault with me. You can tell them it's all right, and when I want anything I won't have to trouble you."

"Strangely enough, I did just as he asked me, although it didn't seem strange to me at the time because of the wealth and prominence of his family."

"In just three weeks he took seventy-five thousand dollars and all negotiable securities that were not registered, and when I asked him when he was going to return them he laughed at me. I threatened to have him arrested, and he intimated that if I said or did anything he would make public the letters I had written to him. I am not sure there is anything wrong in them, but oh," and she clasped her hands together appealingly, "I do so want them back."

"Where is Harding now?" asked the Inspector.

"I don't know. I haven't seen him for a long while. I believe he is in New York somewhere, but I hear his family have disowned him."

"Haven't you a photograph of him?"

"No. I don't think he ever had one taken."

"What does he look like?"

"I should say he was about six feet tall, very dark, dressed well, and is clean shaven."

"Has he any peculiarities?"

"None that I know of, except that he drawls when talking, and oh, yes; he has a habit of stroking his upper lip, as though he had a mustache."

"What makes you think he is still in New York?"

"I saw him a week ago," put in Payson.

"Where?"

"He was in the White Elephant playing billiards. He's a great player, you know."

The Inspector arose from his chair, went to the window which overlooked the court-yard, and glanced out for a moment. Then he turned and walked over to the woman. He put one hand on her shoulder.

"If this man is in New York and he has your letters I don't think he will trouble you very much. Now you go straight home and don't let anything worry you for three days. Then come back to me."

"Oh, how can I ever thank you?"

"Don't thank me yet, wait until you are safe."

Jim was a good man in the Tenderloin; he knew everything and everybody, and so he was sent out after a howling swell named Harding, who had gone wrong. Harding was not an unfamiliar figure but he seemed to have suddenly dropped out of sight.

For two nights and two days a shrewd detective was on a man hunt, and the prospect looked exceedingly bad. Each morning a report of the night before was made and each evening a report of the day was turned in.

"What's the matter with you?" asked the Inspector rather sharply on the afternoon of the second day.

"The man is almost as well known as the Mayor, and from his description you ought to be able to pick him out of a mass meeting."

Ike Swift.

YOU WILL SEE THE FINISH
OF THIS STORY NEXT WEEK.

HE SAW A VISION OF THE LAST JOB—PRETTY CHORUS GIRLS COMING DOWN THE GANGPLANK OF A EUROPEAN STEAMER.



"Well, Officer, nothing so dreadful happened after all," she said, smiling. "You can go now, and you don't know how safe you have made me feel."

That was all.

Jim glanced quickly from one face to the other. Both were calm and impassive.

"Nothing doing in my line," he thought. Then he picked up his opera hat, shot it out with a dexterous movement, gathered up his coat, and a minute later was shaking hands with Parker on the front steps.

Coincidences are common, so much so that many of them pass unnoticed.

When Jim reported at Headquarters the next morning he unb burdened himself to the Inspector, and then he passed through the corridor that led to the street. At the head of the steps he stood long enough to see a tidy little brougham come dashing around the corner; with well-bred and discreet silence it drew up to the curb. The tiger on the box dropped alertly from his seat and

"I don't think a card is necessary, Mr. Payson. What can I do for you?"

"I am about to ask your assistance in a very delicate matter. This lady would like to recover a number of letters which she fears may be used to blackmail her. She doesn't care to have the man arrested, and she particularly desires to avoid publicity. All she wants is the letters. Can you get them for her?"

"Who has them?"

"Richard S. Harding. You perhaps have heard of him?"

It was a familiar enough name because of the social prominence of the Harding family, and it seemed almost preposterous to connect the owner with anything which even bore a suspicion of being criminal.

"Harding?" repeated the Inspector. "Do you think there is any likelihood of his annoying this lady?"

"From what I know," answered Payson, "I must say that I do."

"Will you allow me to suggest," said the Inspector, "that we begin at the beginning. Now Mrs. Van

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Photo by Chickering: Boston.

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SHOWING SOME OF THE BEST PARTS OF THEIR UNIQUE AND DIFFICULT ACT.



A ONE-ARM STUNT.

FAMOUS FRENCH BEAUTIES

WHO IMAGINE MANY THINGS AND
WHO HAVE HOODOOS

A Queer Story Illustrating One Side of the Lives of Some Women of the Gay City of Paris.

ONE BEAUTY WHO STAYS IN BED ON FRIDAYS

Another Who Back-tracks When She Sees a Funeral, a Cross-eyed Child, a Red-headed Boy, a Hump-back Woman, or a Street Accident.

The famous Allée des Acacias in the Paris Bois is the real place to meet beauty. It is the haunt of the actress, the professional beauty and the lady who is under the protection of a king. There was one Parisian who subscribed for a weekly box at the Olympia to be "acquainted" with Liane de Pougy in the Bois. Another loaned money repeatedly to an old swell in return for a few off hand presentations on the porch at Armentonville—good for the Bois only! Now he lifts his hat to Madia and De Villars and Conchita.

But the height of the infatuation was that of the young Brazilian who, getting presented to Chavita, the danseuse of the Opera Comique, gave her a superb emerald ring. Three days later she cut him dead in the Acacias.

It was too much. He sought her and reproached her, mentioning the emerald.

"Oh, the ring?" she answered. "That was for the Opera Comique."

He understood—and handed her a \$400 diamond scarfpin from his cravat. Smilingly the beauty took it. "Now I know you in the Bois," she said.

They are so saucy that they fear but one thing on earth. This is The Guigne.

Briefly, it means bad luck. But more, and particularly. In a way it is the hoodoo. Also you may call it the "sorci" or the microbe of bad luck—and it is catching. Again it is viewed as an intelligent entity, to be offended and placated, also fooled and baffled.

It can easily attach itself to inanimate objects. The lovely Dorgere of the Variétés was recently given a mandolin that had belonged first to Josephine, the unhappy wife of Napoleon I., and subsequently to the former Empress Eugenie—both queens simply stepped in bad luck.

Two of her friends—Wiehe and Verena—warned her to let the historic object repose reverentially under

awful," expostulated the sibyl-faced Robinne, Chavita and Conchita (superstitious Andalusians both) and the voluptuous Verena, who spends her days avoiding hoodoo.

"Not on your life!" replied Arlette. "The historical mandolin goes straight to the Josephine Museum at Malmaison." And the pimpernel quit her nose the same afternoon.

When a newspaper editorial referred to it as a coincidence, Madeleine Thiery of the Opera Comique hastened to communicate the case of her historic ring of a blue diamond surrounded by brilliants.

It seems to have been originally worn by the beautiful but unfortunate Gabrielle d'Estrees, and it remained in the Elbeuf family until its extinction with Duke Emmanuel Maurice in 1763. On his deathbed he presented it to her ancestor, an officer also in the service of the King of Naples. Well, during the past seventy-five years that ring of bad luck has never been worn by a Thiery longer than two weeks at a time—because a perfect emblem of bad luck breaks out.

"I wore it once for five days," concluded the beautiful singer, "and it cost me an engagement, a costume that went wrong, a cab accident, and the catching fire of a chimney. Then I put it back in its old leather box."

In the Paris theatrical world, where its cult originated, nothing is considered a worse hoodoo than even mentioning the word "guigne."

It is the one word of the French language that must never be pronounced. Is it not matter of history how Bizet laughed at the superstition during the rehearsals of "Carmen"? In his enthusiasm, at the end of the last rehearsal, he stood in the centre of the stage and laughingly cried: "Zut for the Guigne!"

In vain did every artist, every chorus girl, machinist and scene painter cry out spontaneously "Cherries!" in hope of drowning the fatal word; it was too late. As

life is to frequent the outer fringe of these showy sets—and brag about it.

"Whom did you salute?" he asked, after one lifted his hat.

"The gifted De Salignac," was the answer.

"Who that perfect blonde that nodded to you?"

"The delicious Wiehe."

"There's Verena!" chorused the sons of family. "Watch her! Watch her! She's turning out! She's going back!"

Skillfully she turned out of the long line of vehicles headed for the Cascade into the oppositely moving line.

"She's avoiding the Cherries!" they explained. "She's seen something threatening. That girl spends her life avoiding hoodooos."

"It's that red-headed little boy—there, with his mother in the hired victoria! Verena's not afraid of red-headed grown-ups or red-headed girls; but red-headed boys up to about 16 years make her turn, retrace her steps the distance of two blocks and start fresh by a roundabout way if possible."

"It is like Conchita with her funerals!" interrupted another. "I started with her once to shopping at the Bon Marché. We met a funeral in the rue de Rivoli. 'Stop!' Conchita bowed her head and said a prayer. 'Cocher, turn back!' He knew what to do, the cocher. He drove back in his tracks two blocks. 'To the right!' exclaimed Conchita. And we started to cross the river by another bridge. We met a funeral again. 'Stop!' Another little prayer. 'Cocher, turn bac's!' Another roundabout! And we were headed for the Bon Marché again when he struck a third funeral in the rue Bonaparte! We met six funerals that morning—when we saw a seventh ahead of us, it was lunch time!"

"Chavita's worse!" interrupted the third son-of-a-family. "Every Friday of her life she lies all day in bed, reading novels, eating bonbons and seeing nobody. She will not do anything new or important on the day she sees a spider, a parti-colored mule or heard a cat meow in the daytime. Night does not count. And she turns, back-tracks and goes round another way when she meets a cross-eyed child, a red-headed boy, a funeral, a hump-backed woman or a crowd around a cab or other street accident."

"On the other hand, it is good to meet a drunken man or several beggars, or sheep, cows or goats being driven through the streets, or a hump-backed man," put in the first. "But all these are mere details compared with certain great principles that often turn out mighty inconvenient. You see, the lives of all these girls have been such romances—they have risen so high from practically nothing—that they grow naturally superstitious. Liane de Pougy simply abhors compliments on her theatrical success. So does Robinne."

"And Wiehe!" exclaimed the youth who claimed to know her. It seems to have been the Otero, the Chavitas and the Conchita—wonderfully successful Spanish girls in Paris—who have done most to spread these superstitions of the Cherries. Say to one of them, "How well you are looking!" and she will at once make the "horns" with her left hand behind her back. Recently when the fair ones hastened into print on the occasion of Dorgere's adventure with the mandolin, Liane de Pougy made the following confession:

"To bring of good luck certainly tends to break it off," she began. "You can say what you please about successes being the natural reward of merit—we have all seen too many unmerited failures and too many imbecile successes not to have our eyes opened to the fact that there is a strange and blind something that butts in at the shaping of our ends. For example, if you fear a certain bad thing may happen; nothing is so sure to bring it about as to talk of it. I myself, recently, hoped ardently to pass the week without receiving a certain letter. Five days passed safely and happily. No letter! Then I was idiot enough to talk of it. Boum! Behold me fresh! On the evening of the sixth day came along the accursed letter!"

They believe these things profoundly. Also, it is good business to write to the papers.

"Liane de Pougy keeps a little note-book," told one of the wise youths. "In it she jots down the date she makes a new acquaintance, male or female. Then, following, the dates she meets them. What good is that? Why, in a parallel column she notes the good and bad things happening to her—with the dates. Well, when she finds the dates getting to correspond she acts in consequence! If the party seems to be bringing good luck, she clings to that party. If otherwise—why, she acts otherwise!"

"That seems a mighty cold-blooded practice!"

"Then what would you think of the way Pena Conchita drove that young Greek chap out of Paris?" inquired a son-of-a-family.

"She said he had the evil eye!" interrupted another.

"That settled his hash!"

"What about him?" I asked.

"He was a nice young fellow, with lots of money and only asking to spend it. He wanted to know everybody and go everywhere. And he was getting pretty well in the swim by an intelligent use of the young Brazilian's method with emeralds and diamonds—one gift for the Opera Comique and another for the Bois—but he struck Conchita. She just refused his presents.

"He's got the evil eye," she said.

"Sure, he's got the evil eye," confirmed Cavarlier.

"Others got to saying it."

"There goes the man with the evil eye!"

"You know what the evil eye is? It is rather a Dago than a French superstition—a man who cannot help bringing superlatively bad luck. It is so contagious that a single well-directed glance from him does the business. If he stops and pets a baby in its baby-carriage, the child will surely sicken. And so on. Such men are known by a peculiar look of their eyes."

"And the young Greek had that look?"

"The girls began to say so. And from that hour his name was scratched from the books. The whole crowd fled him. He found himself ostracized. He found himself alone in Paris!"

ENGLISH BOXER HERE.

Johnny Summers, considered the best 126-pound boxer in England, arrived in this country recently, and is now in Boston, Mass., where he probably will be tried out with some good man before the Chelsea A. C.

Summers is a well-built fellow, and has the looks of a good fighter, which he undoubtedly is. He has been in the game for six years, and among those he has beaten are Cockney Cohen, Jim Driscoll, who recently beat Joe Bowker; Young Josephs, Jack Roberts, Bill King and Spike Robson.

• BASEBALL NOTES •

Tom Hughes, who was sent to Atlanta by Griffitts, is pitching fine ball for his team.

The Chicago Nationals think they have secured a prize in Catcher Walsh, a new Kansas recruit.

Pulliam has his eye on the Boston Club of the National League, and if he can get the backing will take charge of the club.

The Boston club owners feel displeased with the American League player-loaning methods. Cleveland got Catcher Kittridge from Washington the moment Bemis was injured. Boston hasn't had a



KID O'NEILL.

Clever 90-Pound Boxer, Looking to Meet Any-one At His Weight in the Roped Arena.

major league backstop all season and has frittered away lots of games through boyish work behind the bat.

Jack Powell says the New Yorks will win the National League pennant in a walk.

A total of \$800 in fines for rowdy playing has been inflicted on American Association players this season.

Billy Phyle, an old time Giant pitcher, has been added to the Cardinals. He has been playing third base for Kansas City.

Big Bill Bradley, the famous third baseman of the Cleveland team, will be out of the game for the rest of the season owing to a broken wrist.

Norwood Gibson, a pitcher, who used to be a Boston American standby, has been dropped by the Harrisburg, Pa., club, of the Tri-State League.

Fred Dreyfuss recently received a telegram from Manager Barrow of the Toronto club asking for the lowest cash price demanded for Catcher Gibson.

Joe Cantillon, ex-umpire, now managing the Milwaukee team, is said to be under consideration as manager for either Chicago or Cleveland next season.

In trading Homer Smoot for Jack Barry of the Reds, Manager McCloskey, of the St. Louis Nationals, believes that he helped the Cardinals in all around strength.

Edward Abbatichio, once shortstop on Fred Tenney's Boston team, says he will not join the Giants, preferring to stay out of baseball and run his hotel in Latrobe, Pa.

There is a well-defined rumor that the Cleveland club is making a deal with Washington for Tom Hughes and Malachy Kittridge, although it is not known who will be given in exchange for them.

The Cleveland shortstop, Terry Turner, has been making a wonderful record at bat, in addition to reeling off startling plays daily. He is over the .300 mark. In fifty-three straight games he hit safely in all but three contests.

Baltimore has big league ambitions again. The Southern city would like to escape from the Eastern circuit, with the permission of the powers, of course, and be enrolled in Ban Johnson's organization as a substitute for Detroit.

THE GOOD POKER PLAYER. Dopes the game just as horses are doped, so he wins. If you will send for *Poker: How to Win*, you can do the same. Price 10 cents; postage 2 cents extra.



A POLICE GAZETTE CHAMPION.

John Zingali, of 112 West Houston Street, New York, Holder of the Police Gazette Medal For Hair Cutting, Who is Willing to Meet Any Man in the United States.

glass in her salon; but Dorgere preferred to touch it in the twilight, improvising sad little old-fashioned airs.

All right. Within a week her bull pup sickened, her sable stole was stolen, she quarreled with two friends, her auto had daily accidents, and she got a pimple on her nose.

Your Josephine-Eugenie musical instrument is just soaked in cherry juice. Put it under glass. Lock it up. But if you go on handling it you will get appendicitis, or fall in love with a poor man, or something equally

THE GREATEST BOXER

In the world is James J. Corbett. He has written a book which is No. 9 of Fox's Athletic Library. The price is 10 cents, with 3 cents extra for postage.

CLUB SWINGING is the Best of All Summer Exercises---Written by the Champions--Six 2-cent Stamps

THERE IS NO HONOR, ACCORDING TO A DETECTIVE, AMONG THE THIEVES

Crooks are Always Ready to Rob and Deceive Other Crooks at Any Stage of the Game.

CASES TO PROVE THE TRUTH OF THE ASSERTION

How Two Bank Men, Disguised as Cops, Managed to Rob Three Safe Blowers Who Had Just Turned a Nice Trick in Trenton.

"I never yet knew a crook who wouldn't do a fellow crook with as little compunction as he'd eat a plate of ham and eggs," said a well-known headquarters detective the other day, "and I'll just run over a story or two to prove this."

"Five or six years ago three class cracksmen of New York framed up a promising bank job in Trenton, N. J. The job went through on greased skids—up to a certain point. The cracksmen put the bank's watchman under the gun when he stepped to the bank's front grating to get a breath of fresh air—it was in the summer time. He had to let them in and they had him cordaged and gagged before he knew where he was."

"The vault-safe was an ordinary combination affair, without any time lock contrivances, and it was easy for experts with the nitro and blowpipe. They got her open after an hour's work. Then it looked pretty soft for them, for there was about \$40,000 in new currency in plain sight. They let the metal money alone and made a leisurely job of dividing the swag into three equal parts."

"The lookout or outside man abandoned his post in front of the grating of the small bank to be in at the division of the loot. The three cracksmen were sitting inside the vault, stuffing the currency into their kicks and planning for their different hiding places, when two cops suddenly appeared at the entrance to the vault and covered the three of them. It was all so sudden that the hands of the three cracksmen went straight up."

"While one of the cops kept the three covered by the gun fanning process, the other went behind them and deftly removed their shooting tools. Then he quite deftly abstracted their bundles of swag. This done, 'March,' said two of the cops to the three disarmed cracksmen. The three were marched to the basement, where the watchman was still cordaged up. Then the two cops executed a walking backward stunt, still covering the three cracksmen, got out of the steel door at the back leading into the alley, slammed the door, which closed with a spring lock and the three cracksmen were neatly imprisoned."

"The imprisoned cracksmen had no tools and so they couldn't pry their way out. They untied the watchman and ordered him to turn them loose, but they had collared the watchman's keys upstairs before dragging him to the basement and the keys were still upstairs. So the three cracksmen and the watchman

had a hard time to square himself and came mighty close to going to prison. He stuck to the cop story so persistently, however, that the policeman on the bank beat and the one on the adjoining beat had to get to the front with all sorts of explanations as to where they had been when the robbery was in progress.

To square themselves both of the cops had eventually to own up that they had been taking naps at the time, and they lost their badges. The three cracksmen got their bits in Trenton prison.

"Now, those two chaps in the rigout of cops were Chicago bank burglars. They'd sailed East to wait for their graft to pick up a bit in their headquarters town of Chi, and in some mysterious way they'd learned of the details of this proposed Trenton job. It looked like ready money and no work worth mentioning, and so they went to one of the fence costumers of New York and got themselves diked out in cops' rigs."

"Then they went to Trenton on the appointed night and just waited around till their moment arrived. Then they made their play, and it was a neat and profitable one at that. They got away with the goods, and the story didn't get out for four years afterward. Then one of the Chicago cracksmen got drunk one night and blew the yarn. Now if there was ever anything in this 'honor among thieves' fake you'd naturally have supposed that these two Chicago cracksmen would have been ostracized by their pals who heard of their profitable masquerade as cops in Trenton. Nothing of the sort happened. Their pals patted them on the back and called them smart fellows and ha-ha'd over the picture of the three trapped cracksmen locked in the bank basement with the watchman."

"Spark grafters are very rarely on the level with each other, even when they're working as a team. I recall one case of this sort particularly well, because one of the crooks involved told me of the incident most picturesquely. A pair of topnotch Philadelphia spark grafters got on to the fact that the proprietor of a certain Walnut street restaurant started for his home on a Walnut street car every night about 11 o'clock, and that he generally had a souise on him at this time. They had sized this restaurant man up because he always wore in his four-in-hand tie a huge, flashy four-stone diamond pin. The stones were the white boys, as the crooks call them, and each of them looked to weigh about four karats.

"The old restaurant man, as they noticed, was usually pretty well lit up when he took the car to go home, and he looked good to the pair of spark grafters. So they arranged a night to get that pin. They boarded the car in which the restaurant man sat half dozing, in the enjoyment of his regular going home bun, and waited for the car to fill up with folks from the theatres.

"The old restaurant man, very gallant, got up to give a lady his seat. Then one of the spark grafters gave him the elbow in the small of the back, and when he turned to put up a growl the other man neatly copped the diamond pin.

"It looked like a good two thousands worth, anyhow, to the crook who had done the elbowing. They got off the car and made directly for the plant of the fence with whom they did business. The crook who had the pin handed it over to the fence and named his smallest figure with a confident grin. The fence took the pin, looked at it just once and remarked,

"Nothin' doin' in the ice line just now.. Stop your kiddin'."

"The crook who hadn't collared the pin looked tremendously surprised, and the crook who had collared it simulated a look of equal surprise.

"D'you fellers mean to hand it to me that you don't know that this is a phony?" said the fence to them, holding up the pin.

"Well, sure enough, the pin was a bogus, just fairly well sawed Brazil brilliants. The crook who hadn't swiped the pin looked disappointed and gloomy, and said that his eyesight must be failing—that he'd never been twisted before in piping off the real thing in rocks. The other crook chimed in, and added that he'd never felt so cheap in his life. Then the two spark grafters separated.

"The one who had collared the pin, and who had in his kick all the time, took it to another fence and got \$1,500 for it without a hitch. You see, he'd had a bogus of the genuine pin made before the job was pulled off, and the bogus was the one he ran in on the first fence when he went there with his pal. The pal tumbled after a somewhat prolonged period of thoughtfulness. When he found out that his suspicions were correct he chased after his ingenious pal and demanded his bit. All he got for his was the mirthful look, and that partnership was dissolved. The crook who had

been done by his pal passed the word around about it among his friends in the profession. They handed him the long chuckle, and the other spark grafted was looked upon as the real thing for his foxiness.

"If there's any honor among thieves it exists in about the ratio of gold to sea water, and you can figure out that for yourself."

COTE WAS LUCKY.

Arthur Cote, of Biddeford, Me., was awarded the decision over Rudolph Unholz, of South Africa, in a hot fifteen-round argument at Sanford, Me., on July 25.

The decision was very unpopular with the local sports, who thought the verdict should have been in favor of Unholz.

All went in the South African's favor until the ninth round, when Cote came up strong. After that round the fight was more even, but in no round did Cote appear to have any advantage except possibly in the tenth.

Unholz cut Cote's left eye with a right hook in the seventh and paid particular attention to that optic until the close of the bout. The last round was fought hard, both men landing on face and stomach several times.

SIEGER LOST.

Fred Weeks and Kid Sieger hooked up for six rounds of the fastest fighting ever witnessed in the vicinity of Cripple Creek, Colo., on July 20. The fighting was terrific. In the sixth round Weeks caught Sieger a short arm jolt flush on the jaw and he went down. He raised to his feet as the referee counted nine. Weeks was punishing him severely when Walters, Sieger's manager,

CHALLENGES

[The challenge editor will be pleased to publish all legitimate challenges in all sports, such as boxing, wrestling, skating, bowling, swimming, bicycling, walking, running, jumping, etc., etc.]

Frankie Paul, of the Arcade A. C., 305 East 113th street, New York, challenges any boy at 122 pounds.

H. W. Peasley, of Whitefish, Mont., will back Jimmy Potts, against any 132-pound boxer in the business.

Edward Rowan writes from Shenandoah, Pa., that he would like to meet any 142-pound boxer in Pennsylvania.

Charles Voelmy, of 78 East Thirteenth street, Paterson, N. J., manager of the Zeno Field Club baseball team, challenges any club in the State.

Tony Moran has a 135-pound fighter, Greek Jimmy Ryan, whom he will match with any boxer at the weight. Address 300 North Third street, Terre Haute, Ind.

Mike Mack, a 158-pound wrestler and weight-lifter, of Chicago, bars no one at either game, weight being equal. Write R. W. Schulz, 5114 Western avenue, Chicago, Ill.

I have read several challenges from pedestrians in the POLICE GAZETTE, and if any of the many



A TRIO OF FUNMAKERS.

Frank and George Dougherty and Shorty Cross, with the Clever Little Riding Dog, Pickles, all of the Bonheur Brothers' Golden Mascot Railroad Shows.

ager and second, broke into the ring. He started to drive Weeks off. Referee Connors promptly declared Weeks the winner. Weeks had the fight well in hand and kept right after his man after his first knockdown. Walters declared that a towel had been thrown into the ring from Weeks' corner, but for what reason when Weeks had his man beaten he did not attempt to explain.

BOXING AT LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Another good boxing show was pulled off at Los Angeles, Cal., on July 20, which was full of action from start to finish.

Eddie Menny, of San Francisco, knocked out Ab Wing, the world's champion Chinese boxer, in five rounds. It was a pretty contest, both boys exhibiting cleverness at all times, and occasionally livening up the contest with fierce lightning. Menny put the Chinaman down for the count of nine several times, and finally sent him into dreamland with a punch to the jaw.

Harry Baker, one of the cleverest boys at his weight ever seen here, won easily from Kid Webster in six rounds, outfighting Webster at every style of battle which the latter introduced.

Ceser Attell lost a six-round decision to Kid Dalton, although the former showed considerably more science than his opponent, and a draw would not have been a bad verdict.

Indian Joe and the Terrible Turk furnished the most gory fight of the evening, both trying for a knockout in each round. The Indian got the decision.

Manuel Torres and Jesse Patrick, fighting at catchweights, furnished one of the liveliest fights while it lasted, the former knocking out his opponent in the first round. The colored boys went at it at the tap of the gong as if their lives depended upon scoring a victory in ten seconds.

HOUSE DID NOT SUIT PANTZ.

Kid Pantz, of Boston, who was scheduled to box twelve rounds with Jimmy Murray, at Gloucester, Mass., on July 23, refused to go on, claiming that the house was too small. John A. Sullivan, of Magnolia, was substituted at the last moment, and although not in training he put up a good fight, it being called a draw.

Murray had Sullivan down for the count of eight in the first round, but he rallied well and was able to go the distance. Murray used both right and left to good advantage, and inflicted a lot of punishment. Sullivan did not lead as often as Murray, and was outpointed. Considering his condition, however, he put up a great scrap.

peds will post a forfeit at your office to show that they are anxious for a match, they can be accommodated at any distance from 10 miles to 100, for any amount, man and money will be found at the Hamilton House, Oswego, N. Y.—Tom Slater.

Charles Wolf, of 127 Washburn avenue, Chicago, Ill., captain of the Hull House Basketball team, which won 24 out of 25 games last season, is ready to accept all challenges for next season.

Boxey Roach, of Newton, Kan., claims to be the champion featherweight boxer of Kansas. He is ready to make good any time. Address his manager C. G. Yanzell, who is ready with a \$250 side bet.

Fred Gergen, a sturdy German wrestler, of Hoboken, N. J., in the middleweight class, who has made good in the amateur ranks, is about to turn professional and would like to meet anyone in his class.

A. T. Lacy, of Adams, Mass., is willing to meet any wrestler in the country at about 127 pounds, catch-as-catch-can style, for any reasonable purse. He can be addressed in care of his manager, W. Anchor, Adams, Mass.

H. L. Holliday writes to the sporting editor that he is anxious to meet any pedestrian in the State of Rhode Island in a heel and toe walking match for a side bet of \$25. He can be found at 12 Steers avenue, Providence, R. I.

Fred Barth, of Rochester, N. Y., claims the welterweight wrestling championship of the world, and announces through William Berry, of 18 Market street, Hamilton, Ont., that he is prepared to defend his title against all comers.

Harry Scroggs, the Baltimore, Md., boxer, was a caller at the POLICE GAZETTE office last week, and is looking for trouble with any of the 130 or 132-pound boxers. Scroggs would like to clash with Willie Hausey, who recently defeated Ambry McGarry.

In a letter to the "Police Gazette" from Steve Mahoney, manager of Jimmy Briggs, Mahoney states that he is anxious to match the New Englander again with Harry Lewis, whom he recently met at Grand Rapids, Mich. Mahoney says that Briggs was unable to fight in his usual style as he was compelled to enter the ring shortly after being forty-three hours on the train going West.

PICTURES OF FAMOUS BARS'
Will be found in the 1906 Hoffman House Bartender's Guide, which contains all the latest recipes with full instructions. Price 25 cents; postage 5 cents extra.



MISS LULU B. PARR.

A Famous Cowgirl with Pawnee Bill's Wild West Show, Doing One of Her Tricks.

were found together in the basement at opening up the time the following morning.

The cracksmen's story that they themselves had been stuck up by a pair of cops was scouted, and when the watchman chimed in and stated that the story was true he was immediately suspected of being himself in cahoots with the blowpipe men. The watchman had

AVOID CONSUMPTION,

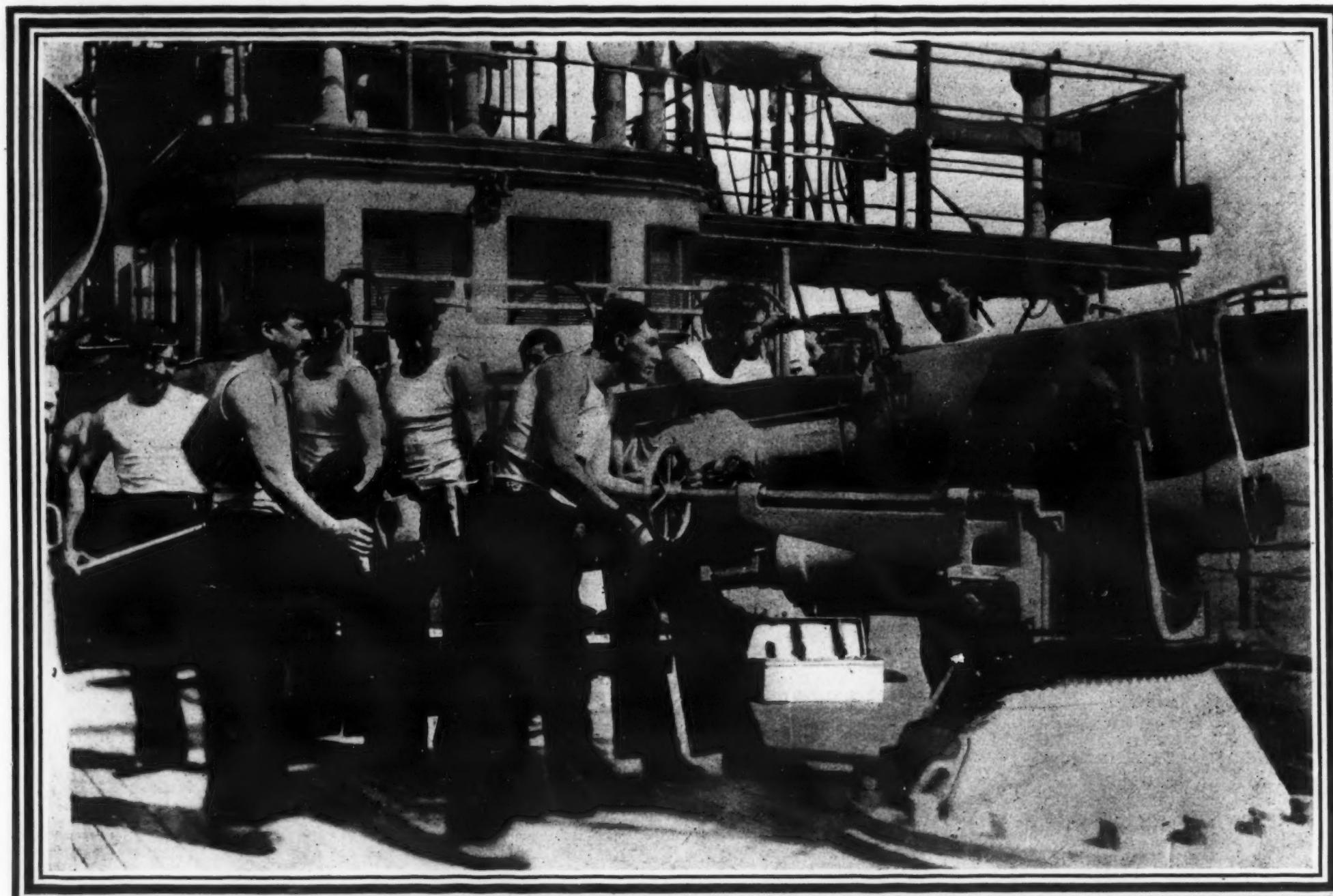
It's very simple, if you will follow Prof. Ittmann's exercises in No. 2 of Fox's Athletic Library. Illustrated. Price 10 cents; postage 2 cents extra. Police Gazette, New York.

PHOTOGRAPHS of General Interest are Solicited for Publication in the Police Gazette---Send Them In



PUTTING THE SHOT.

W. W. COE, FORMERLY CHAMPION OF OXFORD UNIVERSITY, ENGLAND, AS HE LOOKS DOING ONE OF HIS FAMOUS ATHLETIC STUNTS ON THE FIELD.



HERE'S A CRACK GUN CREW.

REED, SHERROD, REARDON, BERG, RIGGS, MALYON AND LEONARD, GOING THROUGH THEIR PACES ON BOARD THE UNITED STATES CRUISER TACOMA.



A THRILLING RESCUE.

HEROIC AND DARING FIREMEN OF NEW YORK CITY SAVING A MAN FROM ALMOST CERTAIN DEATH AT A RECENT CONFLAGRATION IN THE RESIDENCE DISTRICT.



A PAIR OF HEADERS.

IN THIS REMARKABLE DOUBLE DIVING CONTEST THE LADY SEEMS TO HAVE MUCH THE BEST OF IT ON FORM—NOT SHAPE, FOR THAT IS TAKEN FOR GRANTED.

NELSON TO FIGHT GANS

-BATTLE TO TAKE PLACE IN SEPTEMBER, AT COLMA, CAL.-

FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP

Long Deferred Action Due to the Muddled Condition of Fistic Affairs on the Pacific Coast.

NO INDUCEMENTS WILL MAKE JEFFRIES FIGHT BERGER

Pee Wee Club at an Outing--Pugilistic Activity in Seattle--Ruhlin on the Warpath, too--Fitz Wants to Fight Anybody--Gossip.

Battling Nelson and Joe Gans will fight for the lightweight championship some time in September, next, before the Colma A. C. of California. The actual arrangements have not been definitely made, but at the time of writing this Gans is in Frisco in conference with Eddie Graney who with Morris Levy will arrange the affair, while Nelson is at Yellowstone Park, ready to be summoned at anytime to complete the formal details and sign articles of agreement.

The men will fight at 133 pounds, ringside. This is Nelson's favorite weight, while Gans has not gone this low in years. However, he will do the weight without a question, as his one ambition for the past eighteen months has been to get Nelson in the ring with him.

The affair will prove the biggest betting proposition in years, and the money laid on the Nelson and Britt fight will be only a piker's wager alongside of what

made many trips to Jeffries' farm at Los Angeles, in the hope of urging the champion to enter the ring again, but, as in the past, his efforts have been futile.

"There's no use talking," said Coffroth, "Jeff is out of the ring for keeps. He will not give a proposition to return to the squared circle any consideration whatever. I think it's by his wife's wish that he has eschewed fighting forever, and Jeff is playing the part of an obedient husband. I don't think Jeff will ever be himself again, for he has grown too fat to box and too lazy to train."

It would be difficult indeed to get together a more widely celebrated array of Gothamites than those who comprise the group on this page. Briefly it may be stated that every man in the picture has attained distinction in some particular field or avocation

qual a day for thirty days, "Yes, I know one who could eat thirty a day for thirty days and wouldn't be half fed at that." Markie Mayer wanted to back Dooner to eat against Mochnow, the giant, for \$5,000 aside. Then comes Teddy Foley, known to every race track man in the country, Gil Johnson, a member of the New York Athletic Club, one time champion amateur swimmer, and now representing the largest Havana cigar importing firm in the world, Tom Ryan, a local sporting man, Ed Heffner, the Mayor of Sheepshead Bay, Ray Taylor, whose particular function in life is spending money in an effort to educate wine drinkers to believe that White Seal is the only thing that is palatable in the wine line; and last, but not least, is Charley Mahoney, of the Hoffman House, whose little volume on "How to Mix Drinks" has made him famous from Piscataway to Medicine Hat.

The occasion of the gathering is the clam bake of the Pee Wee Club and is an annual affair held every year at Jim Villipigue's place at Sheepshead Bay.

That Joe Gans-Dave Holly affair was only the first of a series of good pugilistic battles which have been arranged by the Twin City A. C. to take place in Seattle. Two of them are to come off this month. Bobby Lundie, who is considered by all Seattle fight enthusiasts to be a real top-notcher, will go twenty rounds with the old Seattle favorite, Rufe Turner. They will weigh in at 132 pounds ringside, which is the proper weight for both boys. This is considered the best match that could be made for a Seattle club, for both boys are extremely popular there. Two preliminaries of high class will precede the main event. The other bout arranged is a rattling lightweight match. Jack O'Keefe, who has a twenty-round draw with Jimmy Britt to his credit, and who also holds a decision over Britt, has signed to box Gans twenty rounds at 132 pounds ringside. Tom Corbett, the official referee of the Twin City Club, has been selected to judge all of the contests.

Gus Ruhlin, the Akron giant, is on the trail of the prominent heavyweights. Gus would like to meet Bob Fitzsimmons, Jack O'Brien, Sam Berger, Al Kauffman or Tommy Burns. He says he is ready to take on any of the above men and is not particular as to the distance. He says that he is just as willing to box twenty rounds as six. Ruhlin has received an offer from a Philadelphia manager of twenty-five percent of the house to meet Al Kauffman for six rounds.

ously near to a knockout on several occasions. The black fellow shot in rib roasters and face punches till West was in distress, and then, when the bell sounded for the beginning of the twelfth round, Joseph mournfully announced that he "couldn't fight no more," as he had broken his arm, whereupon the decision went to West, who would have had some difficulty in facing the demon for the next round.

The bout was, of course, a deliberate fake, in which it was arranged that Walcott was to break his arm at a given signal, and that the knowing fellows who had their money on West would thus cash. Despite the fact that West had a decision over Walcott, the black man was a 7 to 10 favorite, and the whole thing looked so fishy that not much of a killing was made by the plotters.

Before the bout started Walcott was given permission to wallop West to his heart's content, with the injunction to be careful and not knock the white boy out. Walcott followed instruction, and while West got the decision he also got a terrible beating.

Another individual who thinks he has it on Berger is Tommy Burns, the Detroit Italian, who came into prominence by beating Marvin Hart, of Louisville. Burns offers to meet Berger in a twenty-round battle with the understanding that should he not put Berger down for the count he would forfeit all right to any consideration regarding the financial end of the deal. Burns is eager for a battle with O'Brien or Berger, and in order to tempt the latter into a go, made the offer. He holds the San Francisco man an easy proposition and contends that O'Brien merely wants to meet Berger in order to pull down big gate money.

Abe Attell is pursuing Jimmy Britt so persistently that a fight seems assured, and a match may be on the tap at almost any moment. Britt seems to have been sidestepped by Battling Nelson, and as he is one of the energetic sort who believes in working all the time, it can be said that he has been casting flirtatious eyes at the little Hebrew champion, and the latter is on the edge of the trap and almost on the verge of falling in. As an exhibition of fast, scientific work nothing more could be desired—and that's about all it would amount to.

"Fighting Dick" Hyland continues to add to his laurels in a manner which seems to suggest that



PEE WEE CLUB ON ITS ANNUAL OUTING.

Turfmen, Wine Agents and Well-Known Sports Represented in this Celebrated New York Organization at its Annual Clam Bake, held at Jim Villipigue's, Sheepshead Bay, N. Y.

will be bet on the Dane and the great negro. San Francisco will be practically the headquarters of the two men, and Al Herford, who is still managing Gans, is quoted as saying that he will go broke on the negro's chances of whipping Nolan's champion.

The secrecy with which the match has been guarded was due to the muddled condition of fistic affairs on the Coast. The "fight trust" is broken by the pairing of Willie Britt and Coffroth against Morris Levy and Eddie Graney. No suitable place for a fight in Frisco has been arranged as yet, while the open-air arena in Colma makes an ideal place, especially when the picture privilege is taken into consideration.

Billy Nolan, who is managing Nelson, has sidestepped Gans for more than a year. He told friends in New York a few weeks ago that he would match Nelson against Gans "when the right time arrived."

The time has evidently arrived!

Of course it is a valuable advertising asset to couple Berger with the name of a man like Jeffries, but the latter constantly reiterates that he will not fight Sam Berger, nor any other heavyweight. Jeffries was seen in reference to a possible battle with Berger, and he declared if Berger had whipped all the Jack O'Briens in the world he could not be induced to return to the ring. He declared that he was positively out of the ring forever. He was fully satisfied with his rustic, or, as he terms it, "the simple life," and has made enough money out of pugilism to keep him in comfort for the rest of his life. Jeff, it is said, would prefer to sacrifice one-quarter of his fortune rather than enter a long training siege at this time. He has taken on flesh rapidly in the last year and tips the beam close to 250 pounds.

Jimmy Coffroth, the fight promoter, has recently LEARN TO DEFEND YOURSELF.
No. 9 of Fox's Athletic Library is a good instructor. James J. Corbett is the author. Write to this office for it; 13 cents in stamps brings it promptly to you by mail.

which entitles him to more or less consideration as a celebrity. Beginning on the right of the picture we have Dave Gleason, whose fame as a turfman, breeder of thoroughbreds and successful plunger is only paralleled by the wonderful wizard of the turf, George E. Smith (Pittsburg Phil). In front of Gleason is Alex McKenzie, known everywhere in the East as the representative of Pommery wine; next is Markie Mayer, who hails from Portland, Ore., but whose automobile "Pink Peril," has gained for him any amount of enviable notoriety. Then there is Sam Jackson, of Louisville, whose particular vocation in life is to make New Yorkers consume more Paul Jones Whiskey than any other brand.

A conspicuous member of the group in this corner is Maxwell Kennedy, who is known to visiting Eagles from all over the country as the Worthy Conductor of No. 40. "Neely" Anderson, one of "Tim" Sullivan's constituents, and a member of the bookmaking fraternity, is there also, and behind him leaning against the back of the porch is "Benny" Garson, who circulates the money for Charles G. Gates and J. R. Drake whenever they want to bet a million or two. Don't overlook big, pompous and healthy Vic Maguire—McKenzie's running mate—a bookmaker, who has a contract to "lick up" more "Pommery" than any other man in the party? Behind him is Abe Jacobs, known on Broadway as a "ladies' man," who is just as successful in "laying the price" as he is in making good with his female acquaintances. Every theatrical manager in this country, every actor of prominence on the road, and every railroad man knows Bob Arthur, who was with Charley Hoyt in the days of the "Temperance Town," the "Tin Soldier," and others of those celebrated successes. Bob is now a successful bookmaker, and, by the way, is president of the Pee Wees.

The group behind Jacobs and Arthur comprise Hector Clems, of the famous "It's Wilson, that's all," the plug-hatted individual is Alderman Lundy, of Sheepshead Bay, Sam Austin and John Dooner. The latter is the man I referred to when I told an anxious POLICE GAZETTE correspondent who asked if a man could eat a

Gu does not think the goods large enough and has wired back, stating that if the offer was increased to thirty per cent, or if the club would guarantee him \$750 for his end, he would accept the match. Up to the present he has received no reply.

Old Bob Fitz, the auburn topped veteran of many encounters, is hoping that he will not be overlooked when the cards are dealt for the next opponent for the new California giant. He isn't particular about whom he mixes with either. He will take on Berger, Kauffman or O'Brien. Any one of the trio will suit. Fitzsimmons is ready to pull on the gloves once more. He is spending most of his time on the farm at Duncellen in New Jersey. His weight at present is 175 pounds, and he says he is in fine condition. All that a club manager need do is to offer him a purse, and he will jump at it in a twinkling.

Joe Walcott's return to pugilistic prominence brought forth from a prominent fistic commentator a suggestion that should Tommy West emerge from his retirement Walcott would probably draw the line on him, as West had given the Black Demon many things of a painful nature to remember when they met in the ring.

It is true that West once caught Walcott when the latter was out of condition or in a trance and walloped him quite freely, but no one is better aware of the fact than West that with Walcott in condition he would have his own troubles.

It is hardly likely that West will forget the terrible drubbing that he got from Walcott in Madison Square Garden, Aug. 27, 1900. It is true that the records show that West won that battle in eleven rounds, but when he came out of the ring he knew that some awful things had happened to him.

From the opening round till the eleventh, when Walcott "broke his arm" and lost the decision, the Black Demon pried West with a volley of hot shot that took

all the steam out of the white man and had him perilously near to a knockout on several occasions. The black fellow shot in rib roasters and face punches till West was in distress, and then, when the bell sounded for the beginning of the twelfth round, Joseph mournfully announced that he "couldn't fight no more," as he had broken his arm, whereupon the decision went to West, who would have had some difficulty in facing the demon for the next round.

The bout was, of course, a deliberate fake, in which it was arranged that Walcott was to break his arm at a given signal, and that the knowing fellows who had their money on West would thus cash. Despite the fact that West had a decision over Walcott, the black man was a 7 to 10 favorite, and the whole thing looked so fishy that not much of a killing was made by the plotters.

Before the bout started Walcott was given permission to wallop West to his heart's content, with the injunction to be careful and not knock the white boy out. Walcott followed instruction, and while West got the decision he also got a terrible beating.

Another individual who thinks he has it on Berger is Tommy Burns, the Detroit Italian, who came into prominence by beating Marvin Hart, of Louisville. Burns offers to meet Berger in a twenty-round battle with the understanding that should he not put Berger down for the count he would forfeit all right to any consideration regarding the financial end of the deal. Burns is eager for a battle with O'Brien or Berger, and in order to tempt the latter into a go, made the offer. He holds the San Francisco man an easy proposition and contends that O'Brien merely wants to meet Berger in order to pull down big gate money.

Abe Attell is pursuing Jimmy Britt so persistently that a fight seems assured, and a match may be on the tap at almost any moment. Britt seems to have been sidestepped by Battling Nelson, and as he is one of the energetic sort who believes in working all the time, it can be said that he has been casting flirtatious eyes at the little Hebrew champion, and the latter is on the edge of the trap and almost on the verge of falling in. As an exhibition of fast, scientific work nothing more could be desired—and that's about all it would amount to.

"Fighting Dick" Hyland continues to add to his laurels in a manner which seems to suggest that

With the "rise" of Sam Berger another star has fallen. Marvin Hart says he is through with the boxing game, and like Jeffries sighs no more for new rivals to conquer. Whether he really means it, of course, another thing. These "retirements" have been revoked so frequently that there is always room for a little skepticism when they are given out. Hart, however, it seems, has never been the same man since Tommy Burns beat him at Los Angeles several months ago. Possibly it was because Burns was such a little fellow in comparison to the bulky Kentuckian. For Marvin took more than one lacing from the big fellows without minding it much, but he seems to have taken it to heart when the little Michigander handed it to him.

SAM C. AUSTIN.

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We Like to Air Our Knowledge and Are Always Pleased to Give You Accurate
Information to Settle Various Wagers.

S. C. S., Hummelstown, Pa.—Write to *Turf, Field and Farm*, New York City.

F. N., Paterson, N. J.—Who gave Jeffries the longest and hardest fight?....Tom Sharkey.

Reader, Chicago.—Inform me whether Yanger and McGovern ever fought?....No record of it.

J. C. B., Seattle, Wash.—Sizes are higher than ones (aces,) but if agreed beforehand anything can be called high.

Pip D., Providence, R. I.—Who is the strongest man Sandow or Cyr? Who is the best boxer in the National League?....1. Cyr. 2. Seymour.

T. R., Fairmont, W. Va.—Let me know how long it took New York and Cincinnati to play the game of ball on June 11?....One hour and thirty minutes.

W. M., Norwalk, Conn.—Where can I get a good fox hound broke in?....Consult our advertising column or write to Frank Dole, New Haven, Conn.

D. G. E., Cessna, Pa.—Can you tell me if there was a man named Bowser in Philadelphia some years past that held the championship of a heavy lift?....No.

F. A. H., Pleasant Hill, Mo.—Send ten cents and stamp for "Police Gazette Sporting Annual," containing all turf records as well as a thousand other facts of interest.

H. S., Milwaukee, Wis.—Let me know whether Joe Straub played ball with the Metropolitan Baseball Club about twenty years ago?....Yes, there was such a man on the team.

B. J., Macon, Ga.—Playing four-handed euchre; A wants one point to go out; C wants two; V wants two; J wants five; C gets euchred; who wins game?....A and V both go out.

J. H. H., South Omaha, Neb.—A, B, C are playing pitch; B is 10 and C is 9; C bids 2; A and B pass; C makes high and game; B makes low and jack; which one wins?....B wins.

T. W. T., Milwaukee, Wis.—In a four-handed game of sixty-six; partners; A bet B that he can look at his own last trick and at B's last trick?....He can look at the last trick only.

S. M., Alton, Ill.—Forty-five; club trumps; A leads ace of hearts; B has no clubs, but has king of hearts; does ace of hearts call for heart when clubs are trump, B not having clubs?....Yes.

C. H. O., Pratt Kan.—I am anxious to get the address of Yank Kenney, who, I understand is a prize fighter?....Was in New York City a few weeks ago. Don't know his present whereabouts.

Draw, Lincoln, Neb.—A bets B that he can pick three winners. He takes the Lincoln, Omaha and Pueblo, but it rained in Pueblo and they did not play; is the bet a draw or does B win?....The bet is a draw.

J. F., Elizabeth, N. J.—Inform me if the Cincinnati Baseball Club ever won the pennant in the American Association? What has become of Danny McBride, the fighter?....1. Yes, in 1882. 2. Don't know, think he is around New York City.

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J. R., New York.—See POLICE GAZETTE book on Physical Culture; six two-cent stamps.

P. E. M., Kenton, O.—Who has the best record in Ohio for walking a mile?....No Ohio record.

T. Q., New York.—What is Philadelphia Jack O'Brien's proper name?....Joseph Hagan.

H. W., Bluefield, W. Va.—What is the address of Young Sandow?....Write him in care of this office.

J. B. T., Olema, Cal.—Where could I get a book on running written by A. G. George, the famous runner?....Out of print.

F. W. R., Pensacola, Fla.—In draw poker; If a man asks for three cards and the dealer exposes one

pay double unless 21 is made with two cards; the other party claims that if 21 is made with any number of cards the deal changes and pays double?....The deal does not change unless it is made naturally, first two cards.

K. S. J., Pittsburgh, Pa.—A, B, C and D are playing poker; all Jack pots; A is dealing; he makes a misdeal by giving each player six cards; the misdeal is not discovered until each player has received his six cards; does A lose his deal?....Yes.

P. T. W., Toledo, O.—Is there anybody who claims the world's title in chess expansion at 115 pounds; if so, who is he and what expansion has he? If nobody claims it can I at 115 pounds, expanding my chess six inches from its normal condition and eleven inches by contraction?....1. No. 2. Yes.

F. E., Lincoln, Neb.—A bets score is odd; B bets score is even; the game is called in the seventh inning by agreement, to catch a train; the umpire called it no game; the score stood 4 to 4; does A lose his money?....B wins. The score was even; the fact of the game being called did not affect the question.

R. B., Brooklyn.—Pinocchio; A and B are playing; 1,000 points; B has 90 points to make to go out, has 20 points counted in two tricks and plays out ace of trumps and then melds 60 queens and lays down his hand at the same time declaring himself out; A says B ought to take another trick after melding the 60 queens. Who is right?....B wins.

W. W., Detroit, Mich.—Four-handed seven-up: A deals the cards, turns the trump; the next man begins; the dealer takes the trump off the top and puts it on the bottom of pack and runs the cards; he turns the same trump and looks at the card he put on the bottom; the next man bet him he has no right to look at the card?....He can look at it.

S. H. R., Philadelphia, Pa.—A, B, C and D play a game of auction pitch; A bids two when he is eight; B, C and D accept his bid; A makes low, jack, which is two, his bid; D is nine and plays high, which is ace of trumps; A contends he wins because he makes his bid; D says high wins; ten points being the game?....In this case high wins, as he had only one to go.

A. S., Columbus, O.—There are two persons who wish to throw dice, one of the fellows takes three aces

sumably it was not tied, and the pitcher's team probably won. That being the case, A wins his bet. If when the pitcher was taken out his team was ahead and finished ahead, the pitcher who was taken out in the ninth is credited with the victory in the pitching records.

A. S., Ferry, Wash.—A game of draw poker; five cents age; that is five cents to play, not five calls ten; it comes around to A's age, and he says 25 cents to play and puts his money up; B stays and raises the age 25 cents, making it 50 cents to play; nobody stays, and A not wanting to stay claims he can take out 15 cents of the 25 cents he aged; A did not say 10 calls 25 or anything else; but 25 cents to play straight?....A is entitled to a draw back, as he put up 25 cents so in case all pass it would be a 25 cent jack pot.

DOLLY WRAY.

[WITH SUPPLEMENT.]

The Pacific Coast has turned out many beauties and Miss Dolly Wray stands well up towards the top of the list. She is on the stage and her success has been phenomenal. She has a fine figure and that, in connection with a good singing voice, has made her a valuable acquisition to the managers who know a good attraction when they see it.

MONTANA KID AND THOMPSON.

Johnny Thompson and the "Montana Kid" fought a fierce ten-round battle at Los Angeles, Cal., on July 23, which was declared a draw.

Montana Kid took a good lead in the early rounds, but Thompson finished strong at the end and had the "kid" groggy and his face covered with blood, but was unable to finish him because of a broken right hand which occurred in the second round.

Thompson practically fought the final eight rounds with his left hand and had he been able to use his right would have scored a knockout in the fast round. Thompson was strong at the finish and during the last five rounds cut out a stiff pace, but could not put Montana Kid out.

GANS' DECISION.

Joe Gans, of Baltimore, was given the decision over Dave Holly, of Boston, in the twentieth round of their fight at Pleasant Beach, Seattle, Wash., July 23. There was a large attendance.

The colored fighter weighed in at the limit, and came to the ringside in good condition. Gans had all the cleverness of his former fights, and those who watched the contest were frequently surprised by his marvelous ability to get out of tight places into which Holly had forced him.

Holly was the aggressor in many of the rounds, and behind his blows was considerable force. Gans, however, showed the greatest cleverness.

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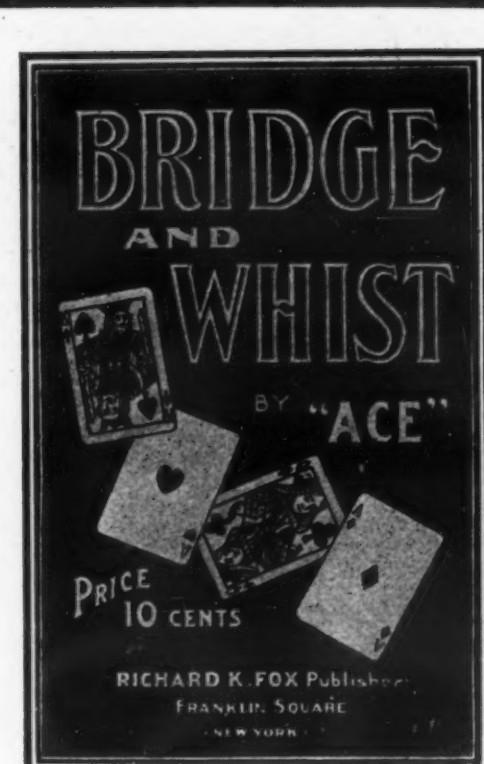
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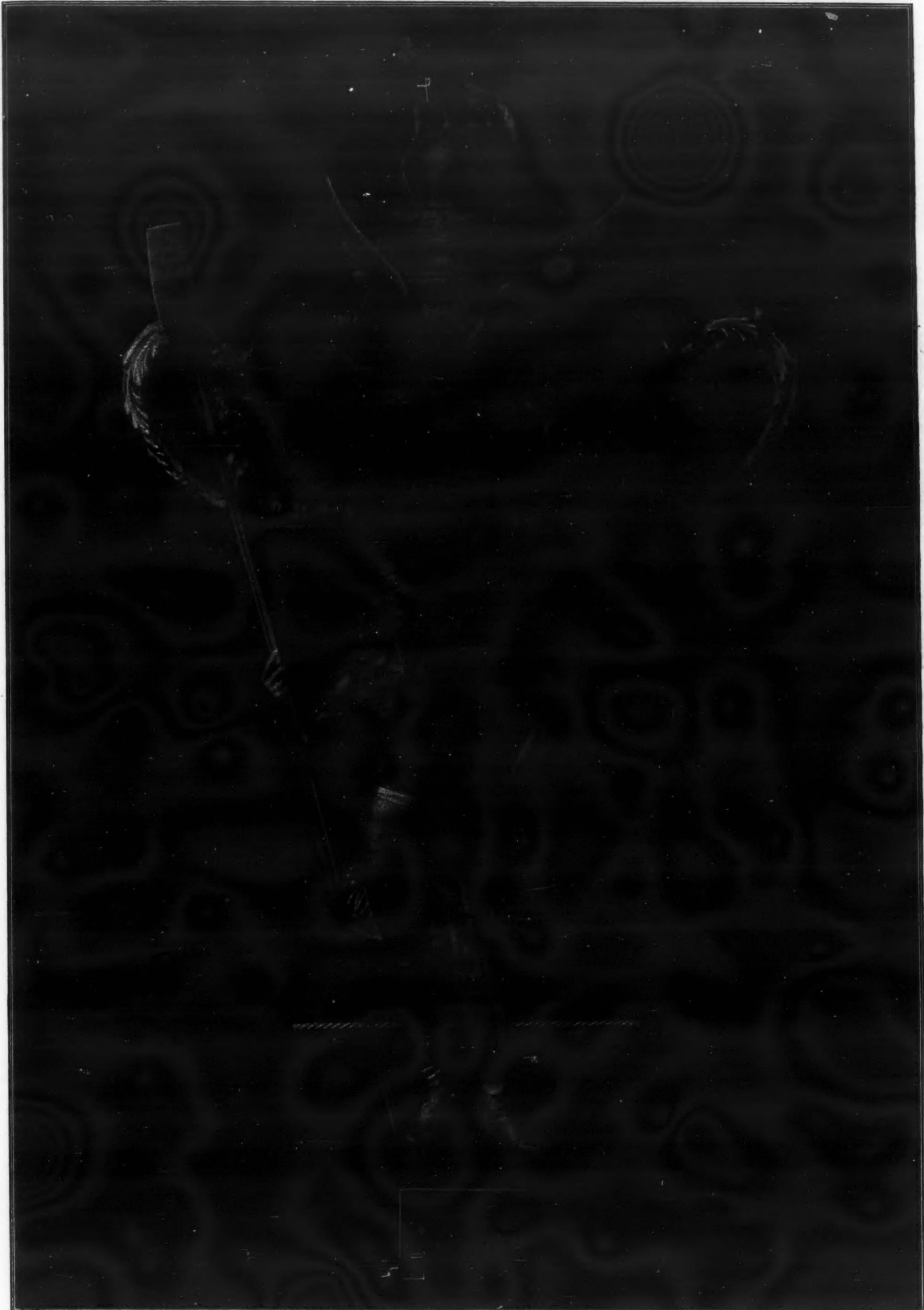


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The best three receipts for new and novel drinks take them, and there will be no favorites played.

If you failed in previous contests, keep at it, and you may win in this one.

Now what have you in the shape of new drinks. This question applies to American bartenders wherever they may be—in Europe, Asia, Africa or South America.

You all have brains, and you all have intelligence. Use it to some good end, and this is a good field for your energy and talent.

The man who is absolutely satisfied to remain quiet will never make a success in life.

It's hustlers who win out and come to the front. Be a hustler and win a medal.

DE-LIGHTED COCKTAIL.
(By Terry Lee, Algonquin Club, Bridgeport, Conn.) One dash Calisaya bitters; three slices orange; one-third Italian Vermouth; two-thirds Gordon gin. Shake well with shaved ice, garnish with olive. Try this before dinner.

OXBLOOD COCKTAIL.
(By Terry Lee, Algonquin Club, Bridgeport, Conn.) One dash Angostura; one-third Italian Vermouth; two-thirds Sloe gin. Stir well and add cherry.

ALF TOLKER'S HIGHBALL.
(By Bennie Jones, Newport News, Va.) Use highball glass with one lump of ice; one piece lemon peel; three ounces Al Bart gin; fill with Celery Tonic and serve.

BOSTON COOLER.
(By R. H. Carney, 15 Dwight street, Boston, Mass.) Soda, sugar, lemon juice, red Curacao, Grenadine, Sherwood Whiskey, St. Croix rum, slice of pineapple, orange and lemon, Claret on top. Ice and strain.

SWEETHEART.
(By G. L. Blodgett, Cabinet, Idaho.) Lemonade shaker half full of ice; three spoons of sugar; one whiskey glass of Old Tom gin; one egg; one teaspoon Absinthe; two squirts lemon.

Shake well together, strain in large glass and fill with Orange cider.

THE EAGLES CLIFF.
(By Ed Trumbauer, Penn Hotel, Allentown, Pa.) Large bar glass half full cracked ice; three dashes Orange Curacao; one pony whiskey; one lime; one teaspoon sugar and fill with White Rock. Stir thoroughly with spoon, serve with slice of orange on top.

CORDIAL MINT JULEP.
(By Frank Spitz, 511 N. Hermitage Ave., Chicago, Ill.) Use large bar glass filled with cracked ice; two dashes lemon juice; three dashes Cherry Cordial; whiskey glass Geneva Gin; half pony Creme de Menthe and fill up the glass with soda; stir well and serve with a straw.

PEORIA PUNCH.
(By Frank Houf, Oliver Annex, Peoria, Ill.) Use small bar glass; one tablespoon sugar, enough water to dissolve the sugar; three dashes lemon juice; fill with shaved ice; half wine glass Jamaica rum; half wine glass Bourbon whiskey; wine glass brandy; mix well and trim with fruit.

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JOHN MOHARTY.

KID FARMER'S BOUT.

Andy Bezenah, the clever little Cincinnati featherweight, met a Tarlar in Kid Farmer, at Indianapolis, Ind., on July 23, in a ten-round argument in the presence of three thousand spectators.

Farmer got the decision at the end of the tenth round, although he might have gained a victory earlier, especially in the fifth round, when twice he knocked Andy down. Bezenah, however, put up a very spirited opposition throughout.

PARKER BESTED CARTER.

Kid Parker, of Chicago, beat Ed Carter, of Germantown, Pa., in a six-round windup at the Broadway A. C., Philadelphia, Pa., on July 26. Parker's peculiar attitude and rapid swings made Carter timid except in the clinches. Parker did most of the leading. He got home with three hard face punches in the last round, which staggered Carter.

Kid Stinger outpointed Eddie Lenny in a fast bout. Lenny rallied in the last round. Griff Jones and Young Jack Hanlon boxed a draw. Young Mooney defeated Tony Rele. Kid Beebe and Tommy Feltz were even up. Checkers stopped John Gleason in three rounds.

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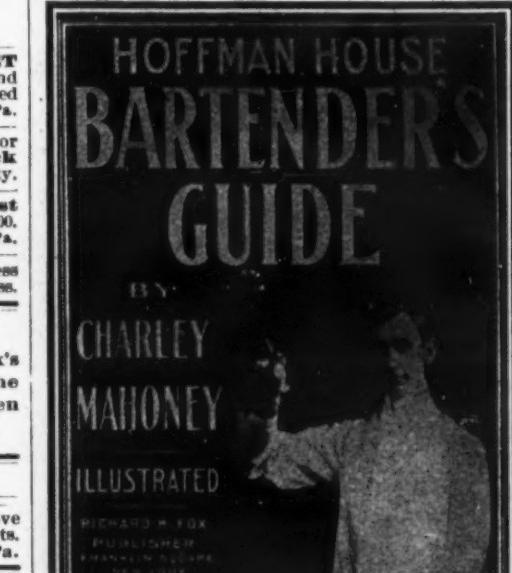
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DALLS AND MCDONALD DRAW.

Young Dalls and Kid McDonald, of Denver, Colo., fought a ten-round draw, at Augusta, Me., on July 27. McDonald was the aggressor all through the fight and landed some heavy body blows, while Dalls played largely for the head. In the eighth and tenth rounds McDonald set a hurricane pace and the Maine boxer was obliged to cover up close and play somewhat on the defensive.

WELSH A SURPRISE.

Freddy Welsh, the English lightweight boxer who has been meeting with success in six-round bouts around Philadelphia, sprung a surprise on the pugilistic world on July 27, when he defeated Hock Keyes, the clever Australian lightweight, at Dayton, Ohio. Fight fans looked for Keyes to win, as they had stamped him as a wonder after the great showing he had made in his recent battles with Young Erne and Amby McGarry. Keyes was saved from being knocked out by his second, who threw up the sponge in the seventeenth round.

The first seven rounds were a terrific bombardment of blows on both sides, in which neither appeared to have the advantage. After that, though, Welsh had the better of the fight, raining lefts and rights to the jaw that staggered the Australian. Keyes centered his attacks upon the jaw in the early rounds, while Welsh hammered away at his opponent's stomach. Welsh proved himself the better ring general, being able to land terrible blows and then jump away before his opponent recovered sufficiently to return them.

Keyes shot out a number of swings that would have put Welsh out of business had they landed, but the plucky Englishman always managed to get out of harm's way and would come back smiling after a fierce mix-up.

Keyes' real troubles came in the fourteenth, when he was jabbed and hooked until almost groggy. The fifteenth was a duplicate, though he used his small remaining strength in futile rushes, which were invariably stopped with jabs to the chin.

In the seventeenth round Welsh warmed up to his task, and with bulldog tenacity kept after his man. After a particularly vicious exchange, in which Keyes' blows passed over Welsh's shoulders, the Australian slipped to the floor for a count of seven. He got up very groggy, and after vainly trying to withstand his opponent's assault again went down with a multitude of blows. At the count of seven his seconds tossed in a sponge.

CHAMBERS TOO HEAVY.

Bad management was written all over the boxing exhibition at the Standard A. C., at Lymansville, R. I., on July 23. Peter Sullivan, of Fall River, and Eddie Chambers, of Philadelphia, were pitted for fifteen rounds at 140 pounds. Chambers was two pounds overweight and Sullivan's manager refused to allow his man to fight.

Chambers said he did not understand anything about any conditions, and said he would fight Sullivan or any man in the house. He was loudly cheered, and when Mike Donlon, Sullivan's manager, tried to make another statement he was hissed out of the ring.

Gus Dumont, of Philadelphia, took Sullivan's place and received a terrific drubbing from Chambers in the three rounds the go lasted, Dumont going to the mat from two right-hand smashes in the jaw, and taking the count in the middle of the third round.

SPONGE FOR GRANDER.

Tommy Murphy, the New York boxer, showed that he is again in his old-time form when he disposed of Al Grander, at the National A. C., Philadelphia, on July 27.

The New Yorker fought as he did when he defeated Benny Yanger and other good boys in the feather-weight division.

Murphy was altogether too sturdy for his opponent.

Grander did well in the opening round, landing his left frequently, while Murphy showed little disposition to mix it up.

Having felt out his rival, Murphy went to work in the second. He chopped vicious lefts to Grander's head and landed his right hard to the stomach. Murphy started to batter down Grander in the next. On every breakaway he landed wicked uppercuts that shook up Grander. He put out straight left-hand hooks to the face and the Quaker was very weak at the close. Murphy started the fourth with knockout intentions. He employed the same tactics of hooking with his left and following with right uppercuts. Early in the round he toppled over Grander with a terrific left swing to the jaw, but the game Phoenixville boy, with a mighty effort arose at the count of nine. Grander held on and wrestled to last the round, but later the Harlem scrapper ran home left and right swings to the chin that felled him to the floor hard. It would have been a clean knockout for Murphy had not the bell rung at the count of eight. The Pennsylvanian was carried to his corner and received heroic treatment by his seconds.

He was able to respond in the fifth, but twenty seconds had not elapsed when Murphy shot out a left to the chin that sent Grander to the floor again. The latter could never have regained his feet, and his seconds tossed up the sponge while Referee McGuigan was telling off the seconds.

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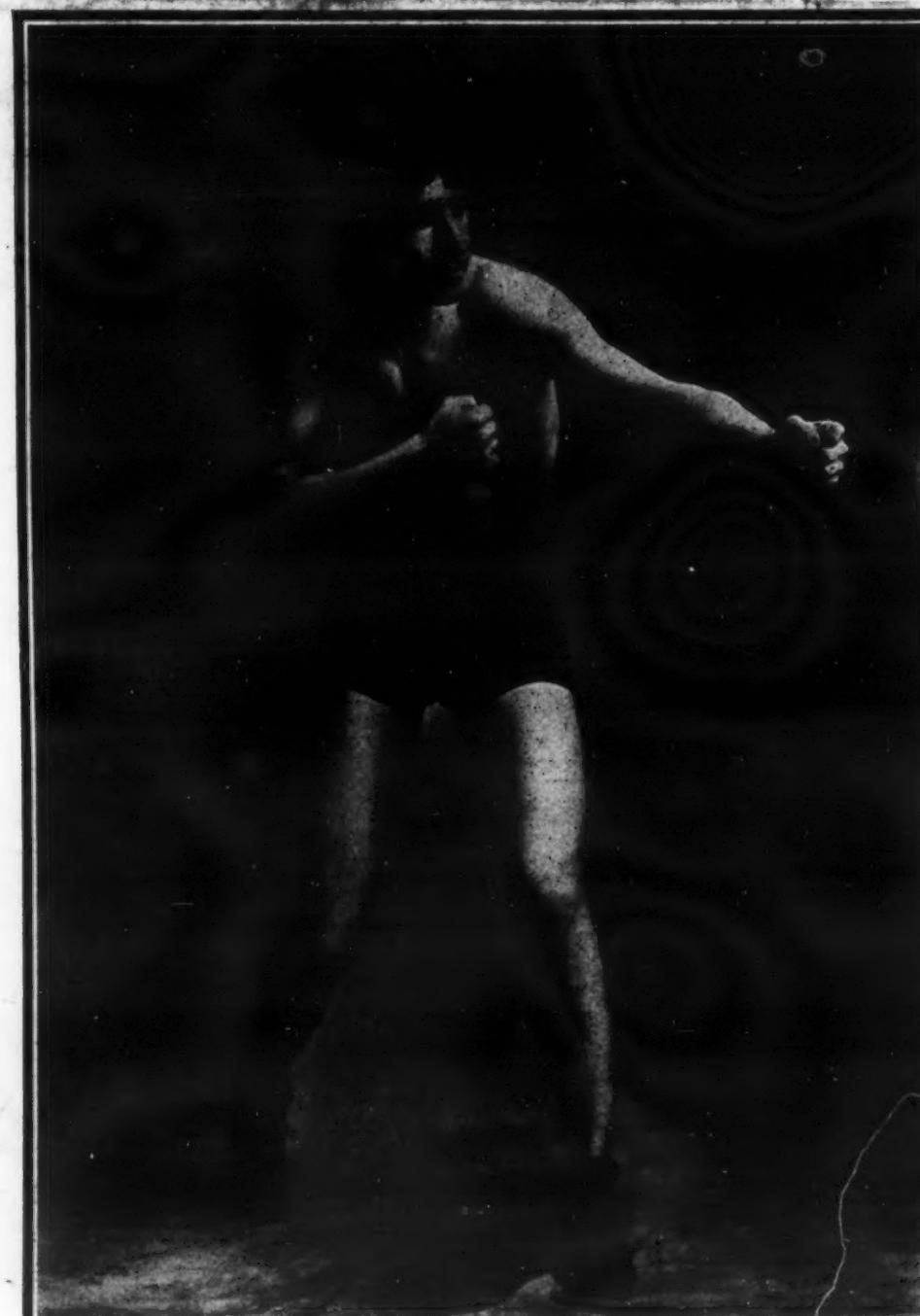
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